THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 28, 1806.

History of the British Navy, from its Origin to its present glorious State.

(Concluded from Page 312.)

THE rapid decay of the fleet, and the waste of stores, during those few years of supineness, shew from experience, how essential it is to the safety of this country, that the most effectual means should be taken to guard against any negligence in the dock-yards; and the great work of re-establishing the fleet, and restoring order, industry, and discipline in the dock-yards, accomplished in so short a time, by the commissioners then chosen with so much care, proves, in the most convincing manner, how much depends on having the civil affairs of the navy placed under the management of men of real ability, professional knowledge, and uninterrupted industry. And we think it our duty to recommend to government, that, in the choice of them, no other circumstance, but that of their being the fittest that can be found, for the execution of the various and important duties they are to undertake, may be regarded.

It is far from being our intention, in what it may be our duty to propose, to depart from the principles on which those ancient regulations and orders are founded. They have stood the test of time, and have been found by long trial to be well adapted to the great objects of their institution; but those orders and regulations, though in every way suited to the state of our naval force as it then stood, have necessarily required many additions, in consequence of the vast increase of that force which has since taken place; and those additions having

been occasionally made as circumstances occurred, the principles of the general system which they were meant only to extend, do not appear to have been always kept in view; different orders have been found, in certain cases, incompatible with each other; some have become obsolete, and those given to one dock-yard have not, on all occasions, been given to the rest, though necessary to preserve uniformity in the management.

The inconvenience arising from those causes, naturally increasing with the progress of time, and the extension of the service, the attention of the admiralty came at length to be necessarily called to it; and in their orders to the navy board, dated the 24th of June, 1764, and 23d of June, 1767, they stated, "that though the orders and instructions given for the general government of the yards and ordinaries may be sufficient for the wise purposes intended by them, yet, as they are dispersed without order or method in a variety of warrants issued at different times, through a long series of years, they do not afford, in a proper and clear manner, the information necessary for the conduct of the officers and workmen of the yards; and they therefore direct the navy board to proceed immediately to arrange and digest the said orders and instructions under proper heads, so as to compose one uniform body and system out of the whole, taking care where there are any repetitions of the same order, to adopt that where the sense is most clearly explained, and best enforced;" but the arrangement thus proposed, owing to various causes, has never been carried into effect; and, from the late great addition to our navy, and the accumulation of orders and instructions in consequence of it, still issued without any retrospect or systematic regularity, the evil which the admiralty had it in view to remedy, is now immensely increased; and the bringing into clear and regular order, what is at present a great and undigested mass, is a work of so great magnitude and difficulty, that it could not reasonably be expected to be accomplished by a board loaded as the navy board, has been, with business. Great progress was, however, made by one of our number, while he was comptroller of the navy: a book, in which all orders and regulations, prior to the year 1786, were classed and digested under distinct heads, which he had prepared, was submitted to the perusal of the commissioners appointed in 1787, to "enquire into the fees, gratuities, perquisites, and emoluments of the several public offices, and also into the abuses that may exist in the same;" who, in their sixth report, thus express themselves, "The numerous regulations and standing orders, which have from time to time been made for the good government of the dock-yards, require to be reviewed, put in order, and connected, so as to be referred to on every occasion;"

sion;" and they add, "The navy board have, since the peace, had the measure under consideration, and a considerable progress has been made therein. We have seen and examined the mode of its execution, which we highly approve, and recommend being carried fully into effect." And the commissioners of naval enquiry, appointed in 1803, observe, that, "The necessity of revising the instructions, and digesting the immense mass of orders which have since been given to the officers of the yards, was seen by the late Earl Howe, and Sir Charles Middleton, when they presided at the admiralty and navy boards; and the latter had made some progress in so useful a work, when he quitted the navy board; but since that time the subject has not been adverted to; no steps have been taken for forwarding the work; and it seems to have been laid aside, and wholly forgotten." In another part of the same report, they add, "It is much to be regretted, that this very useful work was not accomplished, as it would have greatly facilitated the business of the dock yards, and afforded to the navy board, a comprehensive view of the standing regulations, whereby they would have been enabled to keep a better check upon the due observance of them, than in the course of this report will appear to have existed."

The digest book prepared in the manner approved of, and recommended by those different boards of enquiry, has been given to us; and, after bestowing the fullest consideration on every part of it, making such alterations as appeared to us to be necessary, and completing it by the addition of all the orders and instructions down to the present day, we proceeded to prepare, as the subject of our first report, the instructions for the guidance of the resident commissioner, and the principal officers of the dock and rope-yards, concurring, as we do, with the commissioners of enquiry, in thinking that there is the most occasion for them.

In those instructions, the original plan of the duke of York and Mr. Pepys has been followed, and forms the basis of what we have done on all the branches of duty contained in it.

We began by calling upon the commissioners of the navy to transmit to us, copies of all warrants, standing orders, and instructions, issued by their board, from the earliest period to the present time; and, from the collection which we received in answer to that precept, we selected all such as were connected with the duties of the principal officers of the dock and rope-yards, and sent them to the commissioners, requiring them forthwith to transmit them to those officers, with directions to take the same into their immediate consideration, each in his own department, and to point out what part of those orders they considered to be inconsistent with the present extended scale of the naval service, and what other instructions they

might deem requisite to render the execution of their respective duties more clear and intelligible to them; desiring, also, that the commissioners would inform us whether they themselves considered those instructions to be sufficient for the good government of the different officers, or if they did not, that they would suggest what might farther appear to them to be necessary.

Returns from the principal officers in the dock-yards were sent to us by the commissioners, with an assurance, that if any thing else should occur to themselves, it should be communicated agreeably to our requisition; but no communication of that kind having been made to us, the instructions, after incorporating what appeared useful in the suggestions from the officers in the dock-yards, were again sent to the navy board, desiring to have their approbation, or a statement of such alterations as they would think it advisable to make; and they have since returned them to us, proposing some alterations, a part of which we have adopted.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

RICHARD PATCH for the MURDER of Mr. BLIGHT.

(Concluded from Page 305.)

MRS. Sarah Blight.—I am the widow of the deceased; I have been acquainted with Patch two years and a half, a sister of his lived as servant in the family, she was my only servant. My first acquaintance with the prisoner was by his visiting his sister. He represented that he came from the country in consequence of some difficulty respecting tythes, I think he said from Aylesmere. He engaged after a little in my husband's service at 40l. a year; he worked some time only for his victuals; he superintended other workmen; he was at 40l. a year for one year; his salary was raised to 100l. a year. Mr. Blight delivered me some papers to be given to Mr. Patch in a given event. I think this was four months before his death. I was to give those papers to Patch in case of being questioned respecting the property. I kept them. I had gone to Margate, and there received information of the death of my husband. I found the papers in a tin box, where my husband put them in an envelope, addressed to me; I delivered them to a lady on a visit to me, and she delivered them to Mr. Patch on the evening of the coroner's jury. He said he had been questioned respecting the property, and he wanted the papers. He never had possession of those papers 'till the 27th September. My husband had been to Margate with me, and there he

received

received a letter on the Saturday. [The witness proved Patch's hand-writing to the letter, informing Mr. Blight of the firing of the first shot.]—I knew my husband and Patch had money concerns between them, about a thousand pound bill, drawn at two months upon Mr. Goom by Mr. Patch, the produce, as he said, of the sale of an estate of his in Devonshire. Mr. Blight was to have the amount of that bill, for Mr. Patch to have part of the business; 1250l. was the whole sum; when that bill became due, it was to be paid into Mr. Blight's hands. I heard my husband ask him how it came not to be duly paid? Patch said, his friend Goom was not ready to pay it. He said he could get 500l. of the money, but he would not take that, as he could not have the whole. Upon the receipt of the letter he came to town. I afterwards heard of his misfortune, and came to town. I asked Mr. Patch on the Friday, if Mr. Goom's bill was paid? He told me, yes; he said that Goom had been there to breakfast on the Tuesday morning by appointment, and he had been to the banker's, and the money had been paid. I knew the contents of the papers to be given to Patch. They were given to secure his property, because his trustees threatened him. I never heard that Patch had purchased the property. Patch only paid my husband one other 50l. beyond the 200l. I must have known if he had.

Mr. Stephen Goom.—I know the prisoner Patch; I had not seen him for ten years 'till I saw him at Bow-street—I have never had any pecuniary connections with him—never received any money from him—never gave him any authority to draw on me for any amount whatever—never received any money on his account—till Mr. Blight's death I never heard of his drawing upon me—never gave any note of hand to the prisoner for money—never made any appointment to breakfast at Blight's—I did not know Patch was there—I never called at the banking-house of Willis and Percival, or ever said I did.

Thomas Graham, Mile End Road, was acquainted with Mr. Blight, was at his house on the 23d of September, when Patch and he were conversing. On Friday I called at his house about the payment of a ship. Patch told me that a sad accident had happened—some body had fired through the window. He took me to shew me the place where the shot had come through. I asked him if he knew any cause. He said, No, but he believed it was meant for him or Mr. Blight. He shewed me how he was sitting, and the direction in which the ball went. I saw some things by the window, which I wondered were not removed, and he said he wished Mr. Blight to see it. I asked him if he had any suspicion. He said, No, he had not, but that Blight had some words with a person named Clarke. He said he would write to Blight to come to town. On the Monday

day I called again. I saw him; we sat down to have something to eat. Patch came in, and said, Mr. Blight, where are your spurs? Blight pointed to them, and said, Patch, don't you return without the money paid. I shall not return 'till it is paid or settled.

Mr. Percival, the banker, proved the facts stated by the counsel respecting Goom's draft.

Thomas Webster, a sawyer, proved that he was at home in bed when Mr. Blight was murdered.

Joseph Clarke, labourer, proved, that on the evening Mr. Blight was shot, he was at several public houses, but not near Mr. Blight's premises.

John Cox corroborated the testimony of the last witness.

The agreement was proved by which the prisoner was to pay 1250l. to the deceased.

William Jones, surgeon.—I remember seeing Patch when I was called. Speaking generally, Patch wore boots, but he had shoes on that evening and white stockings.

Mr. Stafford produced a pair of stockings. He said he found the stockings in a closet in the prisoner's bed-room; they were folded up and turned over, and had the appearance of clean stockings. He thought there was a hardness in the feet of them, which made him open them.—[The stockings were exhibited, and the soles appeared encrusted with dirt, as if they had been worn without shoes.]

Richard Murch was employed to search the privy belonging to Mr. Blight's house, the Wednesday after he was shot. He found the ramrod of a pistol in the trunk; he produced the ramrod: he said the worm was about two inches in the soil, with some wadding. The place had not the appearance of any one having been there who had a disorder in his bowels.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, delivered in a long elaborate address, evidently written by his counsel, which he requested might be read by the officer of the court. It began by thanking the learned judge for moving his trial from a place where prejudice might have operated against him; complained much of that prejudice having been excited against him by premature reports in the public journals, and then entered into a general train of argument, inferring, that in a case of life and death, juries ought not to convict upon circumstantial evidence, the more especially where they appeared, as in the present case, so dubious. He stated, that whatever might be the result of their judgment upon the evidence, was almost a matter of indifference to him on his own account, for he was borne down and subdued by the unjust prejudices of the public, by the long imprisonment he had endured, and by the enormous expences to which he had been subjected; but he had

those relations who made life dear to him—he had four children who looked to him for support, and who would not only be dishonoured, but be ruined by his death. He said that from the whole circumstances which had come out in evidence, the three following conclusions would naturally arise.

1st, That he had not the smallest motive which could induce him to commit the murder.

2d, That had he been inclined to have committed it, he might easily have had another, and a far more favourable opportunity.

3dly, That it was very injurious and unjust to suppose that no other person could have been guilty of the crime, merely because he was the only individual to whom these suspicions attached.

He alleged that he was not so destitute of worldly means as to be led to perpetrate such a crime as to murder his friend and benefactor. He had a considerable property, and had advanced, on various occasions, sums to a great amount, and that the one thousand pounds bill was only for the purpose of keeping up their credit with their bankers; a circumstance only understood by him and his friend and patron. He observed, that upon such circumstantial evidence he could not legally be convicted, and he concluded by asserting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence of the crime imputed to him.

He called three witnesses to character.

The lord chief baron summed up the evidence in the most perspicuous manner, occupying nearly two hours in commenting upon every part of it.

The jury retired for about a quarter of an hour, and on their return, pronounced a verdict of—Guilty.

His lordship then proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence of the law. He observed, that the prisoner had began his career of guilt in a system of fraud towards his friend; he had continued it in ingratitude, and had terminated it in the blood of a fellow creature. He then directed that he should be executed on Tuesday, and that his body should be delivered for dissection.

Patch heard the sentence with a degree of sullen composure bordering upon apathy, as if he had previously made up his mind to the event.

The prisoner was dressed in black, without powder, and had the appearance of a person of respectability in the middle order of society. Notwithstanding the long imprisonment he had endured, and the anxiety he must have felt, he was remarkably healthy and florid.

Besides the princes and Count Woronzow, the Russian ambassador, there were present during the trial the following persons:—Lords Portsmouth, Grantley, Cranley, Mountford, William

liam Russel, Deerhurst, and G. Seymour; Sir John Frederick, Sir John Shelly, Sir Thomas Turton, Sir William Clayton, Sir J. Mawbey.

The trial concluded about ten o'clock.

On the morning of Tuesday, April 8, Patch was executed on a gallows erected on the roof over the entrance to the New Gaol in Horsemonger-lane, Surrey. He met his fate with more firmness than might have been expected; and if he said any thing that could be considered as a confession of the murder, it was to Mr. Ives, the keeper of the prison; and all that is known respecting what passed between them is, that Mr. Ives said he did not think it right to state what passed, but added, "that Patch was the man."

Remarkable Instance of the Humanity of Alexander, the present Emperor of Russia, related in a Letter from James Grange, Esq. to Dr. Hawes, the Founder and Treasurer of the Royal Humane Society of London.

"DEAR SIR, *March* 24, 1806.

HIS imperial majesty, the Emperor Alexander, in one of his journeys through Poland, solely by his own perseverance and personal exertion, restored to life a peasant of that country, who had been drowned a considerable time. This very interesting occurrence came to my knowledge during my late stay at St. Petersburg, and took place between Kouna and Wilna, in Lithuania, on the banks of the little river Wilia, from which the last mentioned town derives its name.

"The emperor, from some cause or other, immaterial to the present subject, had considerably *devanced* [got before] his attendants, and, being led by the winding of the road within a short distance of the above-mentioned river, and perceiving several persons assembled near the edge of the water, out of which they appeared to be dragging something, he instantly alighted, and, on approaching the spot, found it to be the body of a man apparently lifeless. Prompted by humanity alone, and without any other assistance than that of the ignorant boors around him, to whom he was no otherwise known than that his uniform indicated an officer of rank, he had him conveyed to, and laid on the side of a bank; and immediately proceeded with his own hands to assist in taking off the wet clothes of the apparent corpse, and to rub his temples, wrists, &c. which his imperial majesty continued for a considerable time, using every other means, though destitute of medical assistance, that appeared at the moment most likely to restore animation—but all without effect.

"In the midst of this occupation, the emperor was joined by the gentlemen of his suite, among whom were Prince Wolkousky and Count Liewen, two Russian noblemen, and Dr. Weilly, his majesty's head surgeon, an English gentleman, whose professional abilities are so well known, at least on the continent, that they need no comment, and who always travels with, and indeed never quits his majesty. Their exertions were immediately added to those of the emperor: and, on the doctor's attempting to bleed the patient, his majesty held and rubbed his arm, and gave every other assistance in his power. However, that and all other means they could devise, proved equally ineffectual; so much so, that, after above three hours fruitless attempts to recover him, the doctor declared, to the extreme chagrin of the emperor (who was by this time become very anxious about it), it to be his opinion, that life was quite gone, and that it was useless to proceed any farther.

"Fatigued as he was with such continued exertion, the emperor could not however rest satisfied, without entreating Weilly to persevere, and to make a fresh attempt to bleed him. The doctor, although (as he has declared to me himself, and from whose own mouth I have these particulars) he had not the slightest hope of being more successful in this attempt than in former ones, proceeded, nevertheless, to obey the positive injunctions of his imperial majesty, when the whole party making the last effort in rubbing, &c. the emperor had at length the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the blood make its appearance, accompanied by a slight groan.

"The emotions of his imperial majesty on this occasion, the doctor informed me, are not to be described; and, in the plenitude of his joy, he exclaimed in French, "Good God! this is the brightest day of my life;" and the tears, which instantaneously sprang into his eyes, indicated that these words came from the heart.

"It is useless to say, my dear Sir, that their exertions were, as you may suppose, redoubled, and finally crowned with complete success; but I must not forget to add (as, in justice to his imperial majesty, no trait, however trifling, ought to be omitted, which reflects such honour on his feelings as a man), that, on Dr. Weilly's looking about for something to stop the blood with, and tie up his arm, the emperor, without any hesitation, instantly took out his handkerchief, tore it in pieces, and with his own hands bound the poor fellow's arm with it) whose gratitude and astonishment, when informed to whom he was indebted for his life, you may easily conceive); and remained with him 'till he saw him quite recovered, and conveyed to a place where proper care would be taken of him; besides ordering him a considerable present of money, and having since otherwise provided for him and his family.

" The accompanying snuff-box, on which this interesting event is faithfully; though roughly delineated (the poor inhabitants of that part of Poland being no great artists) was sketched at a neighbouring town, for the purpose of commemorating his restoration; and is one of *four* presented, on the occasion, to the principal actors in it, namely his imperial majesty, and the three gentlemen above mentioned, who are, though not very correctly it is true, represented on it.

" Knowing my attachment to every thing in the least connected with that truly amiable and good prince, or his actions, Dr. Weilly was kind enough, at my request, to present me with it; and although I would not part with it on any other account, I think it cannot be better disposed of, than by taking the liberty of offering it to you, Sir, to the end that so striking an example of humanity, perseverance, and philanthropy, in so exalted a character, may not be entirely lost to the world, and to posterity.

" Requesting you to excuse the hasty, imperfect way, in which I have endeavoured to narrate this very affecting transaction (to which I feel myself totally incompetent to do adequate justice,) allow me to assure you, Sir, of the sentiments of respect and esteem, with which I beg leave to subscribe myself,

" Dear Sir,
" Your's most faithfully,
" JAMES GRANGE."

A SIMPLE TALE *of* LOVE.

(Continued from Page 308.*)*

An Elegy on the Death of Montrose.

Written at St. Michael's Mount.

" Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
" Regumque turres."

HORACE.

WHEN virtue's vot'ries sink beneath the weight
of life's chill winter, or of earlier fate,
Each friendly muse comes uninvited forth
To mourn their exit, and record their worth.
Such is the task that lures me from the throng
To wake, on Michael's height, my plaintive song:
But oh! Montrose, when virtues bright as thine,
To death's dark sway their active powers resign,

Some

Some abler bard should catch the sacred flame
And grave, with matchless skill, thy honour'd name,
Deep on the tablet of immortal fame,

Amidst the splendid great, to affluence born,
Gay were the visions of thy youthful morn;
Clear were the skies; the meads for ever green;
And summer-suns illum'd the fairy scene;
But soon, alas! the magic prospect fled,
And angry storms roll'd furious o'er thy head;
Thro' the long course of life's extended day
Grief prov'd the sad companion of thy way,
Nor could thy lov'd Maria e'er impart,
A perfect consolation to thy heart.
Yet like yon rock whose base has long withstood
Th' invading surges of the hostile flood,
Firm did thy mind in all misfortunes seem,
E'en to the close of life's eventful dream.
Slumb'ring, at length, on that oblivious shore
Where winds no longer howl, nor billows roar,
Thrice blest art thou, beyond the reach of care,
And all those ills surviving pilgrims share.
Thus when the night of adverse fate is past
How bright appears the morn of hope at last!
How like some bark that, 'mid th' Atlantic deep,
Rolls o'er the wave's immeasurable steep:
Her wretched crew, with fearful anguish pale,
Sees her strain'd canvas shatter'd by the gale,
And on their knees, by tears and prayers, implore
A heav'nly passport to some friendly shore!
O gracious providence! thy guardian hand,
That bears the sceptre of divine command,
Soon to some well-known port their vessel guides,
Safe, 'midst the conflict of the eddying tides;
Then, as new joys their grateful hearts expand,
They spring, transported, on their native land.
Sweet is the sleep of death to those that mourn:
A blest transition to a happier bourne,
Where virtue's sons seraphic legions join,
And tune their golden harps to songs divine.
Whilst thou, Montrose, (assail'd no more by pain)
Dost aid, with rapt'rous notes, the heav'nly train,
Oft round thy grave shall grateful rustics stray,
And damp, with tears of grief, the hallow'd clay.
"Here (will they cry) our best protector lies,
Who wip'd each sparkling drop from sorrow's eyes;
Whose liberal hand our pressing wants remov'd;
Rever'd by strangers, and by friends belov'd."

And oft when eve the silent scene pervades,
And paints the dewy meads in deeper shades,
The village-girls, with simple garlands crown'd,
Shall strew their offerings o'er the sacred ground,
And oft' recount, in many a rural tale,
How thou, Montrose, wert guardian of the vale.
Then as the sun its last effulgence throws
Around the region of thy long repose,
" Thus (will they say) our patron's journey past
Bright with superior virtues to the last;
And as at morn's return, the orb of day
Sheds thro' the rosy east its golden ray,
So shall his much-lov'd form transcendant rise,
When the *last* morn appears, and trembling nature dies."

BUT to return to our lovers. Henry's languor was so excessive, that, for the space of four days, he could not possibly stir from the cottage; during which time his mind regained not its composure, but rather yielded more submissively to the depressive powers of grief. Sitting one evening on a bench at the door, and looking regretfully towards the cliff, where he was accustomed to meet Maria, his curiosity was excited by a dove that pitched on a neighbouring tree, having something suspended from its neck; and whilst he in vain endeavoured to account for so strange a circumstance, the bird left the branch, and shortly after flew into the cottage. But Henry was still more astonished, when he perceived it to be the very identical wounded dove Maria had taken under her protection. With trembling hand, and fluttering heart, he untied a letter, that was curiously fastened to the neck and wing, and finding it directed to himself, he immediately broke the seal; but the agitation of his spirits for awhile prevented his perusal. It ran thus:

" After many fruitless attempts, my dearest Henry, to get a letter or message conveyed to you, I have at last thought on a strange expedient, which verifies the old saying, that " necessity is the mother of invention." Heaven grant it may succeed! The poor dove appears quite recovered, and I am resolved on setting him at liberty, with this letter affixed to his neck; trusting that his attachment to the cottage will induce him to return to you. Had I (oh fond idea!) had *I* but wings, my Henry, the eagle should yield to me in velocity, and I would be presently with you. But alas! we must part, perhaps *for ever!* Our mutual distress at my poor father's funeral was immediately communicated to my mother, since which I have suffered not a little from her tyranny. She has just ordered me to prepare for a long journey, and such is the expedition required, that I

cannot

cannot say half I wish to. The fatal carriage is already preparing to carry me, I know not whether; but if ever I have an opportunity I will acquaint you. Should we never—*never* meet again in this world, may the hand of providence protect you through life, and finally unite us in that blissful state, where death-divided friends shall no more be parted!

"Farewell, my dearest Henry, from your unfortunate but ever faithful

"MARIA."

During the perusal of this letter he frequently paused, to thank Heaven that his charmer was still alive; and not, as he had long supposed, extended on the clay-cold bed of death. Finding himself much weakened and discomposed by this sudden and unexpected discovery, he retired to rest, breathing forth ejaculations of gratitude to God, and soliciting his future support and guidance.

This is the seat of combat, not of rest;
Man's is laborious happiness at best,
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

YOUNG.

(To be continued.)

Singular Anecdote of Timothy Brecknock, who was executed at Castle Bar in Ireland, with G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq.

IN the year 1758, a man, committed to Newgate on a charge of highway robbery, sent for Mr. Brecknock, and requested he would undertake his defence. When Timothy came to him, his first question was, whether he had really committed the robbery or not:—it is no matter whether you have or no, said Brecknock, you shall not be hanged; but it is necessary I should know the truth, that I may frame the defence accordingly. "Why indeed (replied the culprit) I did commit the robbery." "Very well," answered the solicitor, "now tell me first, have you any money?—How much can you command?" "I have somewhat above 100l. in cash and valuables."—"Very well, let me have 80l. it is not for myself; I leave my reward to your own generosity, when you are cleared; but I want that money for a particular purpose, and will account with you for every farthing of it. There are now five weeks to your trial, so I have time enough; and with time and money every thing can be done." The sum was instantly given in bank notes, which the culprit had artfully concealed, and

Mr.

Mr. Brecknock, proceeded to desire the criminal to give him a particular account of every circumstance of the robbery; which he did to the following purport.—That five weeks before that time, he met a gentleman in a chariot with a footman behind, near the nine mile-stone on the Barnet road, at half past eleven at night; that he stopped the carriage, and robbed him of 137 guineas, and some silver, but refused his watch, as he did not choose to deal in discoverable articles; that presently after, he found himself pursued by the coachman on one of the coach horses, and rode down a lane out of the high road, but finding the lane close at the bottom, he leaped his horse over some pales, and quitting him, took to his heels across the fields, and got safe to town; that the coach horse not being able to leap, his own horse had got clear, and came home of itself next morning. Thus he thought himself quite safe as to this affair; but that, shortly after, the gentleman's coachman met him on the same horse in Whitechapel, had him seized and carried before a justice, where his person was identified by the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman, who knew him by the bright moonlight; on this evidence he was fully committed for trial. "This is rather an ugly affair," said Brecknock, "however, don't fear, I'll bring you off; I shall not attempt to prove you elsewhere, at the precise time of the robbery; for an *alibi* is a very dangerous defence, unless it can be well supported; and I don't care to trust your life to a set of rascally witnesses, who may be sifted by a close cross-examination, or have their characters inquired into;—no, no, I shall act otherwise, you have only to make your heart easy, and plead not guilty."

At the next sessions the trial came on, and the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman, deposed to every circumstance of the robbery, as above related; adding, that they were positive both to the horse and to the man, whose face they had closely seen by the light of the moon, as his crape had fallen off when he first stopped the chariot, and the coachman had picked it up, when he unharnessed one of the coach-horses to pursue the robber, by his master's permission. The prisoner was called upon to make his defence, when Mr. Brecknock addressed the court in these words:

"*My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury,*

"I have not the least doubt of the innocence of the unhappy person at the bar, though he stands here under very disagreeable circumstances. Inasmuch that although he was in bed, in his own lodgings, at the very time the robbery is said to have been committed, yet he can prove that fact by no other testimony than that of his wife (and I know how little regard is usually paid to a wife witnessing for her husband), and of a

child of five years old, who is too young to be admitted to an oath. I do not seek to impeach the veracity of the gentleman who is the prosecutor; his character is too well established. I have not the least doubt he was robbed in the manner he has sworn; neither would I controul that the coachman pursued the robber as he has declared; yet I am confident that the prisoner at the bar was not the person. In respect to the identity of the horse, I put that entirely out of the question, and will say, that a horse seen in the dark cannot be easily known in the light, at a distance of five weeks. There is scarcely a horse so singularly marked, as not to have others similarly marked; and, as a proof, there are now four horses I have caused to be brought in the court-yard, standing together with the prisoner's horse, which Mr. Sheriff hath been so kind as to suffer to be brought hither; and, if the three witnesses agree in selecting, separately, the prisoner's horse, of which they are so very certain, from the rest, I will acquiesce in the prisoner's guilt. But, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, I have still more to urge, in respect to the alleged identity of the horse; the prosecutor is, doubtless, impelled by a love of justice; but that love sometimes carries a man to an extreme of zeal. The coachman may have a love of justice, but when it is remembered that the conviction of the prisoner will entitle him to a reward of 40l. the court may be inclined to think him interested in the verdict, which you, gentlemen of the jury, may bring in. The footman having heard some particulars sworn by his master and his fellow servant, may believe them true, as being the same story. The three witnesses have all declared that they recollected the prisoner's face, from having seen it clearly at the time of the robbery, by the strong light of the moon. Now I have one witness that will undoubtedly set aside this concurrence of evidence. It is, indeed, an uninterested witness, a silent witness, yet one that will speak home to the conviction of the whole court. It is Ryder's Almanack; and if your lordships and the gentlemen of the jury will take the trouble to look into it, you will find it utterly impossible that the witnesses could have seen the robber's face by the light of the moon; for you will see, on the night of the robbery, that the moon did not rise 'till sixteen minutes after three in the morning, consequently it could not give any light at half past eleven o'clock, near three hours before it rose; and if the witnesses are thus proved to be mistaken in the capital point of their evidence, no part of it can effect the prisoner." Having said this, he handed an almanack up to the bench, in which it appeared plainly that the moon rose on that particular night, as Brecknock had said. The court and jury being satisfied as to that point, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, and discharged out of court, on paying his fees.

Mr.

Mr. Brecknock prided himself on his ingenuity in deceiving the court; which, as he afterwards boasted, he effected in this manner. He had employed the money he had received from the highwayman, in getting printed a new edition of Ryder's Almanack, exactly similar to the genuine edition, except that the lunations for the whole year had been changed, so as to make it appear that on the night of the robbery there was no moon. He had only half a dozen of copies struck off, one of which he presented to the bench, and lodged the other five in different hands in the court, to be produced in case any doubts had arisen, and another almanack had been called for. The recorder discovered the fraud some days after, but it was then too late, as the prisoner had been acquitted, and the solicitor was not responsible for the error in the almanack he produced, and which could not then be identified.

CURIOUS CHYMICAL IMPOSTURE.

ONE of the best tricks ever played off in the annals of chymical imposture is thus related by a writer of great wit and pleasantry.

A red cross called upon Henry I. duke de Bouillon, of the house of Turenne, first sovereign of Sedan, about the year 1620. "Your sovereignty," said the adventurer, "is little suited to the greatness of your soul. I mean to make you richer than the emperor. I can only stop two days in your dominions. I must go to preside at the grand assembly of the brethren at Venice. You have nothing more to do than to keep the secret. Send for some litharge to the first apothecary in your city: add to it a single grain of the red powder I give you; put the whole into a crucible; and in less than a quarter of an hour you will find it converted into gold."

The prince made the experiment, and repeated it three times in the presence of the virtuoso. This man had caused all the litharge in the apothecaries' shops at Verdun to be bought up, and to be sold again impregnated with some ounces of gold. The adept, on taking leave, made the duke de Bouillon a present of all his transmuting powder. The prince could not entertain the least doubt, after having made three ounces of gold with three grains of the powder, but that he could make three hundred thousand ounces, with three hundred thousand grains, and would of course realize thirty-seven thousand five hundred marks in a week, without counting what he could do afterwards.

Three months at least were necessary to make the powder—the philosopher was in a hurry to set off—he had given his all to the prince, and he wanted some ready cash to hold the as-

sembly of hermetic brethren at Venice. He was a very moderate man both in his desires and his expences; he only asked twenty thousand half crowns for his travelling charges. The duke de Bouillon, ashamed of the smallness of the sum, gave him forty thousand, equal in value to about five thousand pounds sterling.

When the prince had exhausted all the litharge in Sedan, he made no more gold; he never after set eyes upon the philosopher; and he found himself taken in for his forty thousand half crowns.

All the pretended alchymical transmutations have been done nearly in the same manner. It is rather a difficult operation or process to change one production of nature into another, iron for instance into silver; as the process requires two things which are not altogether in our power; and these are to annihilate the iron, and to create the silver.

An ANECDOTE.

THRASYMEDES, the son of Philomelus, was deeply in love with the daughter of Pisistratus. Once meeting her, he with great respect and solemnity kissed her, which her brothers looked upon as a great affront; the father spoke to them thus, "If punishment be the requital of love, what must we do to those who hate us." Afterwards, Thrasymedes having got some of his companions together, and observing his mistress sacrificing on the sea, he, with sword in hand, put her attendants to flight, and took her into his ship; but as he was sailing to Ægina he was taken by Philippias Pisistratus, her brother. Being brought before the tyrant, he boldly bade him to do with him as he pleased; adding, that he despised death when he resolved to take his daughter away. Pisistratus, admiring his courage, freely gave him his daughter in marriage.

Answer, by W. Roberts, a Pupil in Mr. Chivers's School, at St. Austell, to T. Bullock's Question, inserted November 18.

LET x and y denote the two numbers, and b, m, and a, the numbers given in the question; then per question we have $a : x^2 + y^2 :: b : n$, and $x + y = a$; hence $y = a - x$; this, squared, is $y^2 = a^2 - 2ax + x$; then by substitution, &c. we have $x^2 - 100x = -2211$; this quadratic equation gives $x = 67$ or 33, and the two parts are 67 and 33, as required.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Stanzas addressed to Warham Cottage, in Beaford, near Great Torrington, Devon.

By a LADY.

ON this sweet spot,
Sweet Warham cot,
A pleasing theme I'd chuse;
To praise this place
I'd steal each grace,
I'd rifle ev'ry muse.

Tho' thoughts are free,
Can wishes be
Thus realiz'd with ease?
Ah! no I fear
I must despair,
Yet still I wish to please.

This beauteous scene,
So mild, serene,
Will tempt my feeble pen;
Poetic heights,
Romantic flights,
Are far above my strain.

From earliest youth
Meek, white-rob'd truth,
Has been my constant guide;
I've ne'er a thought
I hope, or fault,
I e'er shall wish to hide.

Then let me praise,
In untaught lays,
The charms that here combine;
Each wood and dale,
Each hill and vale,
Where nature's beauties shine.

The river glides,
And while it hides
A moment from our view,
With fresh delight
It meets our sight,
If we its track pursue.

As oft I stray
At setting day
Its verdant bank along,
My list'ning ear
Delights to hear
The feather'd warbler's song;

Throughout the grove
Their notes of love
Are heard on ev'ry spray;
With grateful voice
We should rejoice,
And chearful be as they.

The rising woods,
And chrystal floods,
Alternate charms display;
Where'er I roam
The sweets of bloom
Bespeak the month is May.

Thou blest retreat!
Ah! mayst thou meet
With praise sincere as mine!
Sweet cot, farewell!
In court or cell
To sing thy praise I'd join.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines written on Abbott's-Hill, in Beaford, near Great Torrington, Devon, by one of a Party of Ladies and Gentlemen assembled there for a Day's Recreation in 1804.

NOT with more pride, in many a winding maze,
O'er Phrygia's plains the fam'd meander strays,
(Tho' on his banks the nymphs and muses dwell,
And sportive echo, from her airy shell,
Is heard responsive to the sounds that float
From past'ral pipe, or woodman's hoarser note)
Than Torridge rolls, beneath o'erhanging woods,
Thro' cultivated vales, his chrystal floods.

Here meads, with never-fading verdure bloom;
Here the thick shades diffuse an awful gloom;
Here swells the hill, and here the tow'ring height
Of rocks tremendous strikes th' astonish'd sight.
Amid surrounding trees the turf-built shed,
Or cottage, rears its solitary head;
While roves the eye, and sees the distant stream,
Long lost, emerging to the solar beam.
Now fancy leads the soul-exulting thought
To all that poets imag'd, sages taught
To Milton, crown'd with amaranthine flow'rs,
Tuning his lyre in Eden's happy bow'rs;
Or Thomson, underneath some shade reclin'd,
While nature opes her treasure to his mind,
And bids him draw, in colours bold and true,
Each rural object rising to his view,
And nobler yet—instructs him to impart
The warm emotions of a feeling heart.
But now I see (or does some fancy cheat
My ravish'd senses with delusion sweet?)
A train of youths, and beauteous nymphs, advance,
Range o'er the green, and lead the measur'd dance.
In native charms of innocence array'd,
Moves to the well-known sound, each blushing maid;
With smiles, the offspring of a mind at ease,
A gentle temper, and a wish to please;
Unpractis'd in the false delusive ways,
By which the vain coquette aspires to praise,
With artful vows to flatter and deceive,
And the fond lover wantonly to grieve.

And O! may virtue dwell within these shades,
And still inspire Devonia's happy maids,

To

To scorn the glare of courts, the pride of wealth,
Content with decent competence and health:
The paths of nature and of truth pursue,
And in their modest charms resemble you.

EXTEMPORE, *on reading the above.*

THO' Damon's flame, and Musidora's charms,
The celebrated Thomson's bosom warms;
Tho' Milton sipp'd o' th' Heliconian stream,
With Eden's pair, and paradise his theme;
Not Thomson's strains, nor Milton's sacred lore,
Than thine, Oh! B********, delight me more.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE FIRST CARGO,

A Song, sung at a Meeting of the Committee of the Tavistock Canal Company, April 17, 1806.

SOMETHING new is the cry of this wonderful age;
And novelty charms both the peasant and sage;
So to me, it appears, that the task doth belong,
To lug out from my brain-box another new song.
Tol de rol, &c.

The subject, I trow, is most near to us all,
Nothing less than the flooding our growing canal,
Which with labour and years to perfection shall rise;
(A giant was once but an infant in size.)
Tol de rol, &c.

In the ages, called antique, no traces there are
Of a Roman canal, or a sluice, or a weir;
But in happier periods of commerce and peace,
These magnificent works form'd the glory of Greece.
Tol de rol, &c.

But the prospect in Europe, this day, Oh how grand!
Fields chang'd into rivers, and rivers dry land!
From Petersburgh's shores on to China we sail,
And the Caspian and Baltic united we hail.
Tol de rol, &c.

In Britain, where industry ever succeeds,
We've the Oxford, Bridgewater, grand junction, and Leeds;
In France is the justly renown'd Languedoc,
And may not one day see the grand Tavistock?
Tol de rol, &c.

Days of wonder are these! and with enterprize stor'd!
Who once would have dream'd of a fleet at Fitzford?
A few centuries more, and per chance they may try
Old Tavy to turn over Rock Park so high.
Tol de rol, &c.

On life's serpentine stream as our course we pursue,
May the end of the voyage be ever in view;
Fann'd by hope's cheering breeze, may our spirits be strong,
While the brig Perseverance* conveys us along.
Tol de rol, &c.

With one sentiment tender, I'll end my poor strains;
For our dear native town, and the souls it contains;
For our parents, our brethren, friends, sweethearts and wives,
And may each coming day prove the best of their lives.
Tol de rol, &c.

* The name of one of the barges.